

Puck

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SPRING MUSIC.

See poem page 167.

PUCK

LONELY.



SEND YOU, dear," (he wrote) "to-day
Two tickets to the matinée.
I can't attend myself, you know,
I'm busy with my work, and so
Just keep for me the empty place
And let your own sweet fancy trace
The outline of my form, my dear,
As though I were with you, not here—
And then, as o'er my desk I bend
This afternoon, a joy will lend
Itself unto these figures grim.
In place, I'll see your figure trim
And though we are apart, 't is true,
Yet I'll be at the play with you."

She read, then seized a pen in hand
And wrote: "Dear George, I can not stand
The matinée alone. Come, pray,
Or ever after stay away."

The moral of this tale, Alack!
Is this: the sender's name was Jack.

T. M.

PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.

DR. KYLLEM.—You have heard that the late Mr. Goldmore remembered me in his will? You knew him, I think?

MR. PYLLEM (*formerly the deceased's medical adviser*).—I knew him some years ago; and I knew him well, sir!

THE WOMAN who thinks before she speaks has to be a lightning thinker.



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NO TIME TO LOSE.

MISS ELDERS (*sentimentally*).—Yes; I want to die before I get old.
HER FRIEND.—Oh, how selfish in you, Clara, when I want you to be my bridesmaid when I get married next month!



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YOUTHFUL, BUT BRAINY.

MR. O'TOOLE.—Fer th' love av hivin, Nora! this kid do be a reg'lar prodigy.

MRS. O'TOOLE.—How so, Dinis?

MR. O'TOOLE (*in awe*).—Phwy, here Oi've bin t'rowin' doice fer more den thirty years, an' Oi'll be dommed if this kid can't bate me at ivery t'row.

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

MANAGING EDITOR (*Evening Error*).—The *Evening Howl* is beating us on their two o'clock edition; they have it on the streets at half-past twelve.

CITY EDITOR.—Well, what's to be done?

MANAGING EDITOR.—We'll have to get out our six o'clock edition at three instead of at four, as at present.

A CARELESS VOTARY.

BRUSCH.—Does n't d'Auber belong to the modern realistic school?

PALETTE.—Yes; but he's one of the kind of fellows that does n't care whether school keeps or not.

A VAULTING AMBITION

—To Have Some Valuables to Show in the "Safe Deposit."



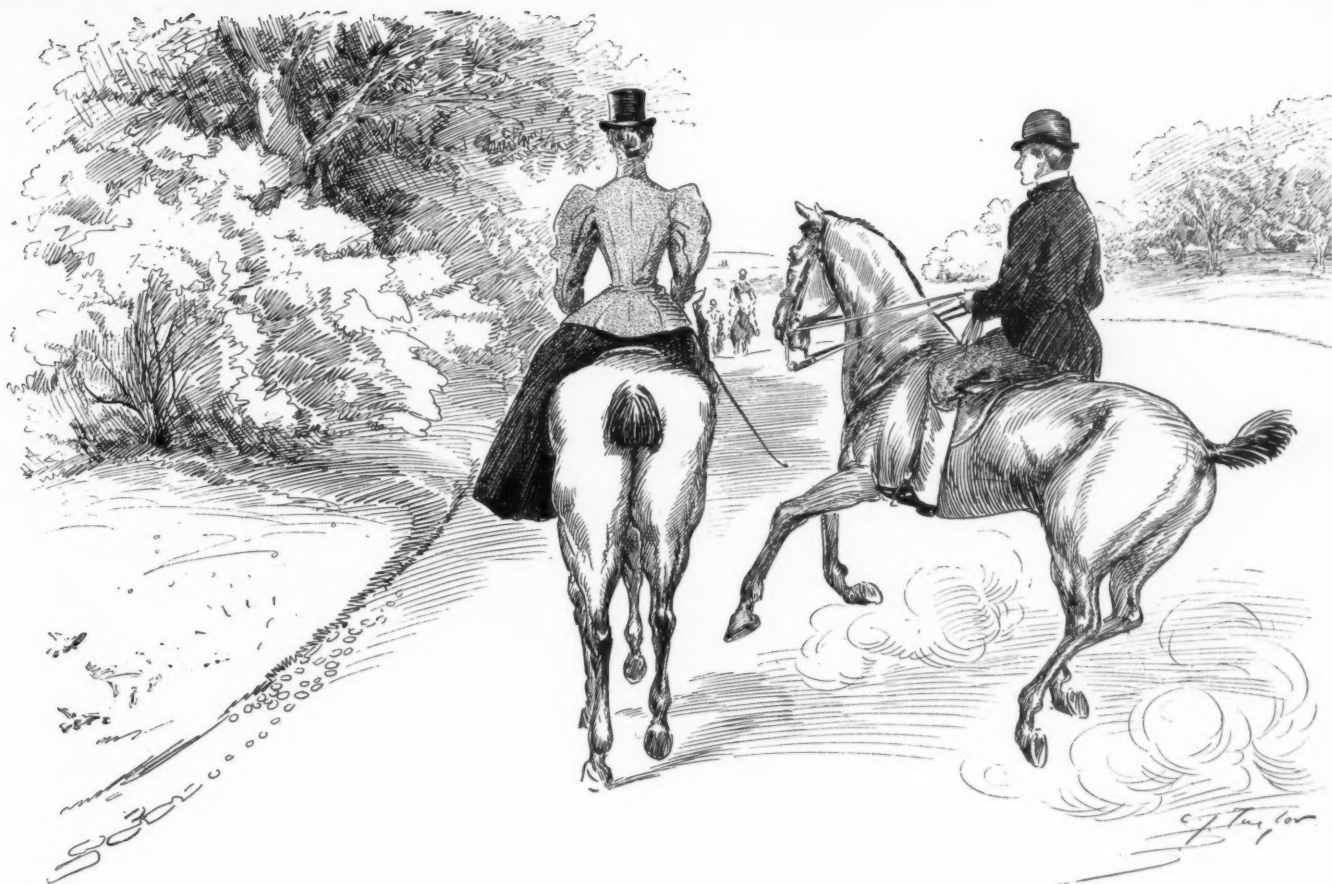
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LONG DIVISION.

Dress Reform agitation
The family hurts
When the household's divided
As well as the skirts.

"POVERTY IS no crime," for
sometimes it does n't even furnish one with prison-fare.

HIDING FROM JUSTICE — A Few Minutes at the Delaware Whipping-Post.



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FORCE OF HABIT.

LAURA. — The riding is lovely; but —
 REGGIE. — But what?
 LAURA. — Am I on the horse straight?



AT MIS' SAM BALL'S FUN'RAL.

SET THERE feelin' real distressed
 Down to Mis' Sam Ball's fun'ral. Jest
 As good as she could be,
 Mis' Sam Ball was; good 's gold. An', land
 She always *was* the greatest hand
 You about ever see

To go to fun'rals. You might say
 She 'd ruther go to one any day
 Than eat. She did n't care
 A mite whose 't was; whoever 'd die,
 If she got wind o' the fun'ral, w'y,
 The minister wa'n't there

'Fore she was. Folks she did n't
 know,
 It did n't make no odds, she 'd
 go;
 She did n't care how fur
 It was. You never see the beat;
 Seemed 's if 't was a reg'lar treat,
 An' chirked an' livened her.

An' so I set there feelin' bad
 To think how mauger she 'd felt,
 an' mad —
 She 'd never skipped none *yit* —
 An' mortified, if she 'd 'a' known
 There was a fun'ral goin' on
 An' she a-missin' it.

Emma A. Oppen.

DRAWING THE LINE.

CITY EDITOR *Kentucky Kazoo*, (sternly). — Tell me
 the truth. Have n't you been on a spree these three days
 you were away, or were you really sick?

NEW REPORTER (manfully). — Well, I 'll tell you the
 truth, sir! I was on a spree.

CITY EDITOR (in a relieved tone). — That 's all right, then.
 Report for duty. You know, we have no time on this paper to
 bother with valetudinarians.

"YES," said Charon, as he rang the bell for full speed, straight
 ahead; "we have had to hustle since we began to make
 connections with the Brooklyn trolley cars."

"[WONDER WHY Ham was given such a dreadful name."

"Well, he is said to have acted rather badly, you know."



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LACKING IN RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

MR. SPIEGELBERG (asking her FATHER'S consent). — Undt I would nefer fail
 to make her happy.

MR. GOLDENBAUM. — Vat! — you gan't haf her, den. Ven I got married I
 would haf failed, efen ohf I lost money by it, to make *my* vife happy! Ged out!

A TEN-DOLLAR TRAGEDY.*

THE ABYSSINIAN VARIETIES had the name of being a very naughty place, and that was about all it had to make a living on; for in all other respects it was the poorest and most pitiful little playhouse that I ever saw in New York or elsewhere. It belonged to a type of establishment that is quite extinct to-day, but at the time when I made its acquaintance there were many little theatres of its class in New York, hardly known to the general public, and frequented mainly by audiences which may be described as belonging strictly to the gallery class.

It was a little hall in the middle of a block on a side street, at the end of a dingy corridor, and the best seats in the house cost twenty-five cents, and were almost always vacant; vulgar ostentation not being encouraged among the Abyssinian's patrons.



I don't know how I happened to find out the Abyssinian, or why I became a regular frequenter of the place; but I suppose I was fascinated by the picturesque poverty of the whole show. There was a little stage that was uncomfortably crowded when the whole stock company was on it; and the whole stock company consisted of eleven people, all told. There were stars, of course, histrionic wanderers in a circuit rounded at one end by Hoboken, and at the other end by Williamsburgh; but the stock company did most of the work, and I can assure you that there was work enough to do at the Abyssinian. The manager was also the playwright, the leader of the orchestra, and, I think, the stage carpenter. The leading man danced, sang, and played the bones

and the accordion. The minor members of the company also officiated as stage-hands; and once when I went by in the early morning I saw the leading lady, who was the manager's wife, washing the windows of the little ticket office. The "Abyssinian" never lost a chance to make a cent. There was a matinée every afternoon from half-past one to half-past five, and an evening performance of even greater length. The entertainment made up in quantity and variety what it lacked in quality — and this is saying a good deal. It generally began with what was billed as an original comedieta in one act, which came fresh every week, although all the plots bore a strong family likeness to each other. If they did not turn upon the misadventures of an old gentleman in a gaudy and much-soiled dressing-gown, who had advertised for a servant of musical accomplishments, they dealt with the woes of a hapless gentleman in a checked suit, who had got into somebody else's house by mistake. And, however they began, they always ended with a scene of impressive violence, in which everybody threw everybody else around the stage, to the accompaniment of falling pots, pans and other articles of kitchen equipment. After the comedieta came a long array of specialty acts which varied little from day to day; Williamsburgh contributing the foreign talent one week, and Hoboken the next. The performance invariably ended with what was called a burlesque, and purported to be a travesty of the popular play of the hour. But the work of the playwright was light. He made a pun on the title of the popular play, and then let the various members of the company wander on and off the stage, apparently at their own pleasure, and say or do anything they wanted to. I remember that on one occasion the gentleman who impersonated *Hamlet* in one of these ingenious parodies, coming on the stage in a slightly intoxicated condition, declined to trust himself to speech, and simply expressed his emotions by turning a long series of flip-flaps with a practiced agility that even drink could not diminish. The sight was one that has lingered in my memory.

It is hardly necessary to say that the patronage of the Abyssinian was not large. The height of its prosperity was represented by a twelve-dollar house; and I have seen the whole company working hard all one rainy afternoon for exactly two dollars and sixty cents. But the only time when the theatre ever struck a regular twelve-dollar gait was during the never-to-be forgotten engagement of Mademoiselle Melanie.

According to the programme, Mlle. Melanie was from "the principal theatres of Paris." She certainly might have seen many theatres in the course of her long professional experience, for she could not have been a day under fifty, and she may, for all I know, have been nearer sixty. She belonged to that long-faced, plump, hearty type of Frenchwomen that looks really young for only about six months of girlhood, and that never looks

really old for the next forty or fifty years. I do not suppose she had ever been pretty, but she was a wholesome, pleasant-faced creature, with an expressive wink and a smile that certainly was amiable and friendly, and that might have been engaging in the days when she had a full set of teeth behind it. But those days were long past, and dental surgery had done nothing for Mlle. Melanie to repair the ravages of time. Do not be afraid. I shall not enter into particulars. As you will shortly see, the dental deficiencies of Mlle. Melanie grieved her personal pride even more than they offended my artistic taste.

With both of us — with Mademoiselle on the stage and me in the balcony — the regret for the lost teeth was purely an aesthetic feeling. The lady's popularity with her audiences left her nothing to desire. She sang the good old stand-by songs of the French concert halls; and she sang them with a strong and penetrating voice that was fairly true, and exceptionally rich in dramatic force. If she had not had a vile provincial accent, and if she had had a few songs written at a later date than 1850, she might have remained in the principal theatres of Paris, instead of simply coming from them — and to the Abyssinian Varieties. She certainly had enough talent to appeal to her present audience, although I do not suppose that there were half-a-dozen of her regular hearers who understood a word of French. But nobody needed a translation of the songs of Mlle. Melanie.

Between pantomime and vocal and facial expressions she always contrived to make the gist of her meaning perfectly clear; and as the compositions which she affected were generally provided with a chorus which called for the assistance of the audience, she more than satisfied every artistic craving of the Abyssinian's patrons. One of these choruses, I remember, called for a great shuffling and slapping of feet in the gallery to imitate a dance at a street ball. In another there was a great clapping of hands, and in a third the more accomplished of the gallery gods played tunes on their chins with their knuckles. But the great successes of Mlle. Melanie were her unrivalled whistling songs, of which her collection afforded one for every day of the week. With these she caught the New York street boy by his ruling musical passion, and in these she was seconded with marvelous skill and tireless energy. The moment she led off the chorus of the beautiful dramatic lyric, "Educating the Canaries," a mighty volume of shrill and piercing melody poured down from that little gallery as if all the birds of the blue canary isles had burst into song at once with a steam calliope to help them. And here you have the prologue to the tragedy.

It may be conjectured that the Abyssinian was no great place for the prompt payment of salaries; but Melanie had made such a hit that she was too profitable an investment to be treated recklessly; and, as soon as she showed that she was going to insist upon her rights she got her money every week — not the pay she had contracted for, but her *pro-rata* share of the commonwealth fund into which all the earnings of the theatre were put. I do not know just how pitifully small was this amount, but I do know from subsequent inquiry that it was incredibly little — hardly more than enough to enable her to pay her board at some cheap theatrical horn, and to keep up some tawdry pretense of renovated dresses and costumes cleaned for the twentieth time. And yet out of that "hardly more" poor Mlle. Melanie was laying up

a little something week by week toward one great end which she had in view — the great and glorious reward of her new, artistic success.

It was the son of the manager who told me about it — an oily, black-haired young man who sold tickets and acted as usher, and ran errands and made himself generally useful. Among his other duties he seemed to include that of keeping the regular patrons of the house good-natured by imparting to them little scraps of stage gossip; mostly of a sordid and uninteresting sort.



Mlle. Melanie

from
the principal
theatres
of PARIS



"Do you know," he said to me one day, as he slipped into one of the many vacant seats near me, "do you know what the French lady told me yesterday? She's been saving money every week for more than a month, and she's more than eight dollars ahead of the game now, and you'd never guess how she was goin' to blow it in."

"The races?" I hazarded, indifferently.

"No, sir," he said, with emphasis. "Did you see the sign of this new fake dentist up the street. Well, sir, I'll go die if she ain't going to blow herself off to one of that fellow's ten-dollar sets of crockery teeth—and, my! won't she be a honey-cooler with them in?"



A week or two later I dropped into the theatre; and, as I hung over the back rail, I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, looking around, I saw the manager's son.

"She's got her new eaters in to-night," he whispered mysteriously. "First time, too."

And in a moment Mlle. Melanie swept on the stage, in the cleanest of her satin gowns, with a big piece of new, gold bullion down the side. But what was the glory of that dress to the glory of Mademoiselle's beaming face; for I declare she looked like a young thing of forty, as, turning full upon the audience, she parted her full lips in a capacious smile that disclosed the whitest, shiniest, most porcelain set of teeth that was ever put in a human mouth for the sum of ten dollars. There were no cold refinements or reservations of conventional delicacy at the Abyssinian Varieties. Every man in the audience took note of the innovation at once, and, as one man, that whole twelve-dollar audience drew in one mighty breath of astonishment and admiration. Then a voice dropped down from the gallery: "Stag der teet!" and it was followed instantly by such a whirlwind of applause, mingled with jubilant and congratulatory cat-calls as had never been heard before under the Abyssinian roof.

The orchestra struck up to Mademoiselle's usual opening number;

but the audience felt that this was utterly inadequate to the situation. From the gallery a score of deep-lunged whistlers intimated in their own simple but effective manner their desire for the tune of their preference—"The Canaries." Accustomed to take such hints with promptitude, the orchestra obeyed, and through the gradual subsidence of the applause and excitement we heard stray notes of Mademoiselle's voice trying to make itself heard in the first narrative stanza of the great whistling song—even as through the dust raised by our trampling feet we could catch glimpses from time to time of the white flashing of the new teeth.

Oh, those fatal teeth! Well had it been for poor Mlle. Melanie had it occurred to her that day to give herself a private rehearsal of the old song that had been the mainstay of her artistic career for the better part of half a century. For in the sudden expectant hush that fell upon the whole house at the beginning of the chorus, Mlle. Melanie sounded two heralding notes and then puckered her lips over her new teeth—for a whistle that never came. There was an awful, penetrating hiss, a fresh pucker of the mouth that seemed suddenly to have grown old, another hiss, a gurgle and a gasp, one more effort of a contorted mouth straining in frightened agony, and then the new teeth had done their awful work, and poor Melanie rushed from the stage, shrieking and sobbing hysterically, and the curtain fell upon the wild riot of a furious and derisive audience, yelling, shouting and swearing its mean contempt. An idol had fallen. Mlle. Melanie never whistled more.

The worst of this story is that it is true, and that I have written it out to lay a ghost of memory that has lingered with me for nearly twenty years

H. C. Runner.

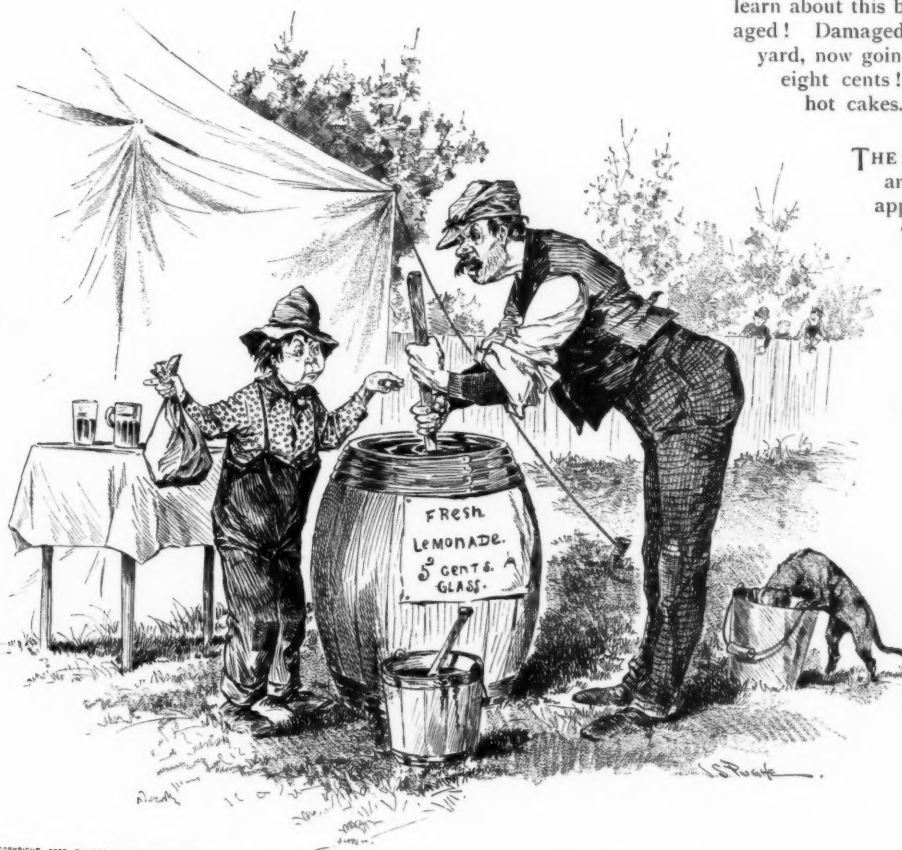


AN INSINUATION.

MRS. BROWN.—I did n't know he was a member of your club.

BROWN.—Oh! yes—has been for years.

MRS. BROWN.—Why, I thought he did n't drink at all!



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COMPETITION THE LIFE OF TRADE.

LEMONADE MAN'S ASSISTANT (at circus).—How many lumps of sugar; two or three?

LEMONADE MAN.—Two.

LEMONADE MAN'S ASSISTANT.—Der feller opposite put an extry slice o' lemon in his.

LEMONADE MAN.—Well, put three in, then. We don't let him get ahead of us.

AS EXPERIENCE TAUGHT HIM.

THE SILENT PARTNER.—That bargain sale in dress goods don't go at all. I marked 'em "All wool, entirely new, worth two dollars a yard. Reduced to ninety-eight cents!" But it does no good.

THE HEAD OF THE FIRM.—You've got lots to learn about this business yet. Mark 'em "Damaged! Damaged! Were worth five dollars a yard, now going at one dollar and ninety-eight cents!" and they'll sell like hot cakes.

THE DINNER hour having arrived the cannibals approached the captive.

"Prepare," thundered the chieftain, "to die!"

The maiden's lip curled.

"Aw, go chase yerself!" she haughtily rejoined.

The savages exchanged startled glances.

"She is certainly tough," they cried, and fled in dismay.



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A PARADOX.

This man has a very poor voice, but still it is divine singing, all the same.

"WHO STEALS my purse steals trash;" but the cry of "Stop thief!" is raised just the same.

WHAT FOOLS these mortals think other mortals be!

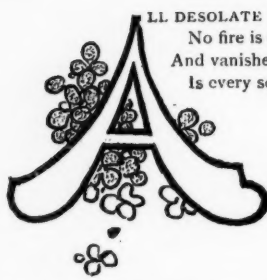
IT'S A fine thing to roll in wealth
There is n't a blooming doubt of it;
That is, if you have the skill
To roll without rolling out of it.

IT IS easier to forgive success in any one else than a relative

IT TAKES nine tailors to make a man, and then the poor fellow can not always prove it.

AN AGNOSTIC is one who does n't believe what other people believe.

WAITING.



ALL DESOLATE my home is made,
No fire is on the hearth,
And vanished from these echoing halls
Is every sound of mirth.

No children's feet upon the stair:
Their little forms have gone
Whither I soon must follow them
When labor here is done.

I sit in restless thought and wait
The summons soon to come,
When I, from care and watching
free,
May seek a brighter home.

What sound comes louder on the
breeze?
What hand is at the door?
Hooray! here comes the second van!
There's only one load more!

Florence E. Pratt.

THE SPORT IN OKLAHOMA.

CAVUSE PETE.—Say, Blizzard, we're going to have a game of base-ball, and we want you to be the umpire.

BLIZZARD BILL.—I'd like awfully to oblige you, but I can't do it. I got my trigger finger hurt yesterday.



SAVED SEWING ON.

RURAL RAGGES — Madam, yer don't happen ter have a porous plaster in the house, do yer?

MRS. HUSSIFF (*sympathetically*).—P'r'aps I may have. Is it for a backache.

RURAL RAGGES.—No, Mam; I jest want ter patch dis hole in me pants.

AN ACCIDENT UNFORESEEN.

"My name is Brown," said the short, thick-set man, as he entered the main office of the Non-Combusto Company. "I am a dealer in hardware and supplies, and I would like to give an order for five hundred kegs of your Flame-Proof Paint."

"I am very sorry," said the head salesman, gravely; "but it will be impossible to deliver the goods to you for at least ten days."

"You have doubtless heard," he went on, "that our main warehouse was burned down last week, and all our stock on hand was completely destroyed."

However, Mr. Brown said he could wait, and left his order.

IT TAKES a tough sail to stand the wind of prosperity.

ONE OF the striking characteristics of the new woman is her aversion to old clothes.



FULLY SUPPLIED.

BOOK AGENT.—Madame, I have here a copy of "Darkest Africa," which I am sure would interest you.

MRS. JACKSON.—Lan' sakes, man! I 'se got six copies o' darkest Africa now on my han's, not countin' de ole man.

ASKED BY his wife the why he comes
Home at the break of dawn,
He puts her off, but later in
His slumbers puts her on.



NEARLY WORN OUT.

MR. CHILDERS (*sorrowfully*).—Dear me! I'll have to give up going to the circus, for I don't believe that this story about my only going for the sake of taking Willy will work another year!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE TOO-READY CYNIC. A GREAT MANY intelligent citizens of New York are scolding themselves for what they now consider their folly of last Fall, in allowing themselves to believe that their city could be governed ably by honest men. "There is nothing in reform; that great moral revolution has brought no tangible benefits. The reformers are as bad as the rascals we turned out. Let us learn from this to stick to our old parties and never again try to reform anything. If we are to expect the same abuses from each party, let us, at least, try to keep our own party in power." That is what the average citizen is saying to himself and to other average citizens to-day, and he believes it. If his reasoning is sound, if it be true that New York can not be both honestly and ably governed, and if it be foolish to try to secure such government, then the whole theory of representative government is wrong and we ought to establish a monarchy or anarchy, or some other system. But we do not believe the average citizen has got to the bottom of the matter when he joins in the prevailing "Where are you now?" cry. We still believe the theory of representative government is sound, and we still believe its soundness can be demonstrated right here in New York. Believing this, we are led to suspect that the average citizen has, in his too-ready cynicism, formed an illogical conclusion, and we further believe that its fallacy may be explained in a few words. Because two ways of doing a thing have been tried and found ineffectual, it does not follow that there is not a third that is effectual. Thus, it does not follow that honest municipal government is impossible, because two political parties have alternately been tried and found wanting. Those trials and failures simply demonstrate the incompetence of the two parties, and nothing more; and this is the whole lesson that voters should learn from the present situation. They must learn that no single political party will conscientiously administer the affairs of their city; — that has been amply proved. And they must learn that if they want decent government they must vote for decent candidates, regardless of their party affiliations. Where Reform — that is, the spirit of honest government — has suffered in the present administration, it has been due to the selfish manipulation of one or the other of the two political parties, sometimes separately, sometimes in collaboration. When the bosses of the

two opposing parties unite amicably and make Spoils their common cause, as is their custom in New York City, the citizen who wants decent government ought to be able to see that he should not fight with either, but against both. It is simply a matter of extending the rules of civil service reform, and observing them before election as well as after. When the voter has learned to do this, and is no longer the slave of his party prejudice, he can have all the real reform he wants, for the matter is entirely in his own hands. He went far toward learning this truth when he helped to elect a reform Mayor last Fall. What is important now is for him to understand that the Platts and Lexows that are obstructing the road toward honest government are not products of the reform movement, but barnacles left on the old hulk of partisanship. The power of the political boss to maintain a machine government with all its corruption depends solely upon his ability to gain votes on party grounds, regardless of the merits of his candidates. The power of the voter to secure honest government depends upon his willingness to eliminate all foreign issues from municipal contests, and to rebel promptly and vigorously at the first sign of partisan jugglery, after he has elected his candidates. If he did not learn this in the last campaign, he may in the next. He has got to learn it sometime.

SPRING MUSIC.

OH, IT'S pleasant in the Spring-time, after Winter grim and long,
As the buds burst forth in blossom, an' the birds burst forth in song;
When the lazy breeze of April bears the musk of blooming flowers,
An' fleecy clouds go drifting by to bring the soft, warm showers;
It makes life kinder pleasant to a nice old gent like me
Who 's list'n'ing to the humming

Of
the
Pres-i-den-tial
Bee!

The farmer 's getting out his gun, with thieving crows to cope,
The small boy 's gone a-fishing, an' the wimmen 's biling soap;
An' a smell of burning breshwood comes from the medder lot,
An' shadders still are damp and cool, although the sun is hot;
An' Natur' 's smiling pleasant, as I set here dreamily,
Jest a-list'n'ing to the humming

Of
the
Pres-i-den-tial
Bee!

Fer I hear it droning softly in the bonnet that I wear,
It's coming, coming, humming nearer, nearer I declare!
Gitting plainer, gitting louder, staying cloßer ev'ry day,
With the balmy time of April, an' the promise of the May;
Fer the sweetest Spring-time music to the Sage of Ellerslie
Is the gentle humming, humming

Of
the
Pres-i-den-tial
Bee!

A NICKEL-PLATED FACT.

That a bargain counter in marriage
Exists is a fact all grant;
But in the game there's no such thing
As a bargain Count extant.

IN ROME'S DEGENERACY.

HE BROW of Sextus clouded.

"I would I knew —"

His anxiety showed plainly.

"— how fares it with our legions
in Gaul.

The young patrician he addressed
shrugged his shoulders lightly.

"Would you, Octavius —"

The consul glanced inquiringly.

"— advise me to consult an augur?"

The noble youth laughed lightly.

"I never do!" he said. "I always find those augurs are
dreadful bores."

The annals of the house of Tarquin drip with blood, but in
this one instance, at least, the verdict was justifiable homicide.

DURING THE SCARE.

PHILADELPHIAN. — And how are those big flat and apartment
houses you speak of heated?

HARLEMITE (in a hoarse whisper). — Just now? Firebugs!

HE TOLD the unvarying, cold, hard truth

On every occasion, with courage strong;

He did it all times thus, this youth,

And he lived like a hero — but did n't live long!



HE HAD PLENTY OF THEM.

MRS. LE ROUNDER (angrily). — You have no excuse for staying out so late.

MR. LE ROUNDER. — Have n't I? Whatchu s'pose I been standin' down on the
corner thinkin' 'bout fer last half hour?



BEFORE.

"I shall get along better with this awful load when I have that nice cart to draw it in, that those kind men of the Supreme Court are going to give me."



AFTER.

"What shall I do, now? — I'm worse off than ever!"



EXPERIENCE OF AN UNFORTUNATE ANIMAL.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN;
OR, HOW EVEN THE LOWER ANIMALS CAN TEACH US SOMETHING NEW.

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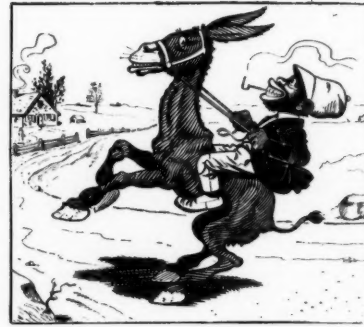
HORSE DEALER.—I want to be honest with you, Mr. Wooley. This is a trick-mule that I bought from a defunct circus, and that is the reason I sell him so cheap.



MR. WOOLEY.—Talk to a Kentucky nigger 'bout mule tricks; I knows every trick in dere rappytore.



"Shoo! I learned dat trick when I'se wasn't no mo' dan t'ree feet high.



"An' dat one! Why, I'se could go to sleep while yo' was doin' dat!



"Oh, rollin' ovah, doan' go! My laigs is as limber as yourn.



"Tired out, eh? Trick-mule, bah!"



THE MULE.—Well, there 's one you never saw before, I 'll bet!

A HARD CHOICE.

WOULD NOT marry a poor girl!
No; that would never do;
For what is terrapin for one
Is cold corned-beef for two.

I would not marry a bright girl!
Nor one with a degree;
I would not want my wife to think
She knew too much for me.

I would not marry a pretty girl!
For beauty makes one vain;
And when she once had lost her looks,
They'd not come back again.

I would not marry a plain girl!
I'm sure that I could not
Endure her face for forty years
Behind the coffee-pot.

I would not marry a rich girl!
I do not like that kind;
For heiresses are always spoiled;—
And somewhat hard to find.

I would not marry a silly girl!
No giddy butterfly;
No maiden with a ceaseless laugh;
No school-girl need apply.

In fact, I seem condemned by fate,
A bachelor to be;
For when I've found the girl I want,
Perhaps she won't want me!

Harry Romaine.

FACING IT.

"How very gay her face is to-night!"
"Yes; the poster craze must have struck her."

A COUNTRY BALL.—Hard Cider.

"MONEY is the root of all evil"
and some good.



GETTING IN TRIM.

VISITOR.—For the love of Heaven! Look! your husband has fallen downstairs, and I'm sure he has killed himself.

HOSTESS (wife of celebrated ball-player).—No; John has just signed a contract to play with the New Yorks, and he is only hardening himself for sliding to bases.

CONFIRMATION.

"WIFE NO. 2 LIVED IN LUXURY."
It was only another instance of a man's duplicity,
unearthed at last.

"What if—"

She threw aside the newspaper with a moan—

"My husband—"

Yes; he had *not* accounted for that ninety cents he had had over and above his car-fare and lunch money but the day before!

With a shriek she fainted.

FOILING THEM.

FIJI GIRL.—Hello! What are you doing out here with only your waist on? Relapsed?

ANOTHER FIJI GIRL.—No; I noticed it was real muddy, and I thought I'd just fool those horrid men over there on the corner.

SHE HAS an open countenance,
And is much admired by men,
Because, quite sensibly, forsooth,
She shuts it now and then.

FIRST ON RECORD.

JACK POTTS.—Chipley is a queer fellow; I was sitting in a little game with him the other night, and he got such a headache he had to quit.

DECKER.—Why, there's nothing queer in that.

JACK POTTS.—But he was four dollars *out*!

A DRUG IN THE MARKET—Postage Stamps.

THE HAIR-DRESSER has all the new kinks.

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LOCKED OUT.



WITH HEAD held high, erect, elate,
He swaggered up to heaven's gate,
In manner confident and bold,
And knocked upon the gate of gold.
"Who's there?" the gray-beard warden cried,
Peering down on the one outside.
The pilgrim said, "I was of late
On earth a walking-delegate."

"Humph!" quoth the keeper of the key;
"A labor-union man, I see;
Well, we must have a word or so.
Do you belong, I'd like to know,
To the 'Confederated Choirs,'
Or 'League of Independent Lyres?'"
The pilgrim, with a look of woe,
Then faltered out a feeble "No."

The warden smiled in manner grim;
"Why, the Council of the Cherubim
Admit no one within their throng
Who does not to the League belong—
And very just, as you may say—"
Then, as the pilgrim turned away:
"Keep to your right—I think, you know,
That they might pass you in below!"

E. D. Pierson.

BETRAYED.

BIGHEAD.—The reform movement in New York has been a failure.
STRANGER.—Excuse me! Are you a Platt or a Tammany man?

SILENCE is golden and speech is silver; the demand being in the ratio
of sixteen to one.



JOHNNY'S INFERENCE.

JOHNNY.—I suppose Papa did n't bother his Papa much asking questions.
MAMA.—Why do you think so, Johnny?
JOHNNY.—Well, his Papa could n't have told him very much, anyhow.

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HUBB.—If you come
to see me, I'll take
you to Cambridge,
and show you our old
homestead.

LITTLE MISS
GOTHAM.—That will
be nice. And if you
visit me, I'll take you
to a cemetery, and
show you the grave of
the janitor of the first
flat we ever lived in.

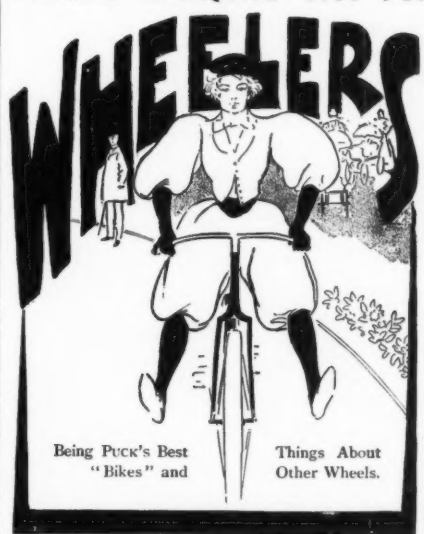
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Cured in 20 minutes
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Sold on trains by
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"DON'T you think
Van Daub's paintings
are realistic?"

"Realistic! I should
say so. Why, the other
day he painted a "Liv-
ing Picture" so nat-
ural that she is now
suing him for breach
of promise."—Norris-
town Herald.

OUT TO-DAY.
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COULD N'T FOOL
WILLY.

"There's lots of
luck in a rabbit's hind
foot," said the man
who is mildly super-
stitious. "You should
get one."
"Ha-ha!" said Wil-
ly Washington, after
some thought. "Ha-
ha! That's a joke.
We only get Welsh
rabbits at the club,
and they have n't any
hind feet."—Washing-
ton Star.

Patronize American
goods, especially when
you know they are the
best, like Cook's Extra
Dry Imperial Cham-
pagne.

HE.—I don't see,
Ethel, why it is that
people think Demos-
thenes such a great
orator; I'm sure that
there are plenty just
as good nowadays.

SHE.—But, my dear,
just consider at what a
disadvantage the poor
man was, having to
speak in Greek.—Ann
Arbor Wrinkle.

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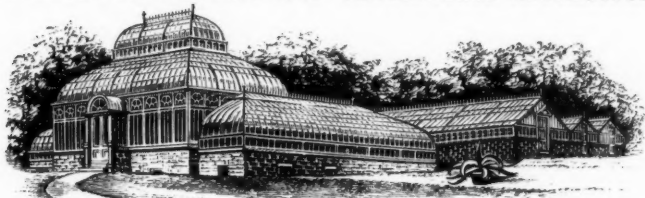
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The female plaintiff in a Texas divorce suit was asked, upon taking the stand and prior to being sworn, if she believed in a future life.

"I used to," she replied; "but since I was married I've had all that nonsense taken out of me, completely." — *Texas Siftings.*

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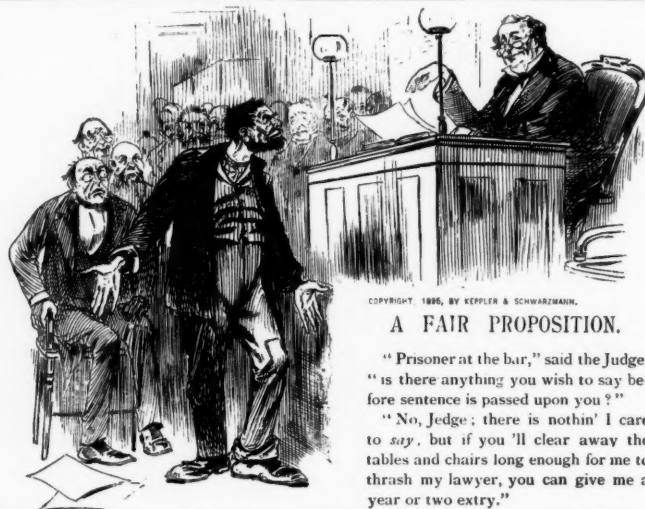
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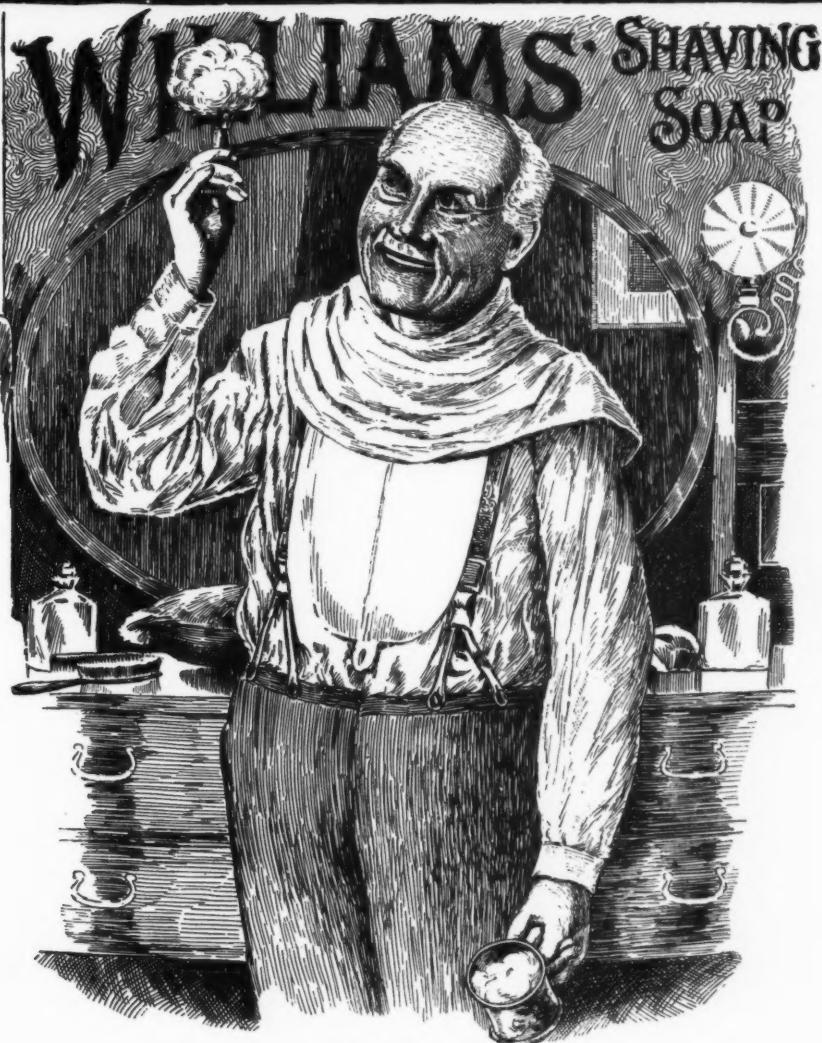
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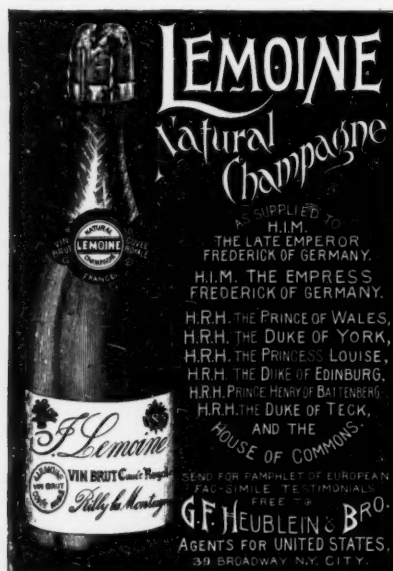
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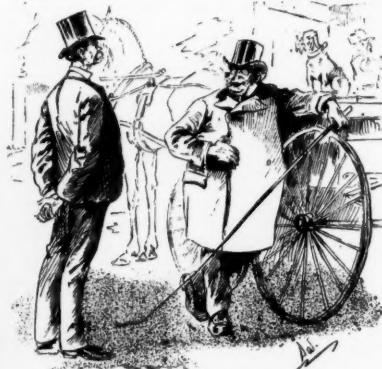
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"No; what's the pedigree?"

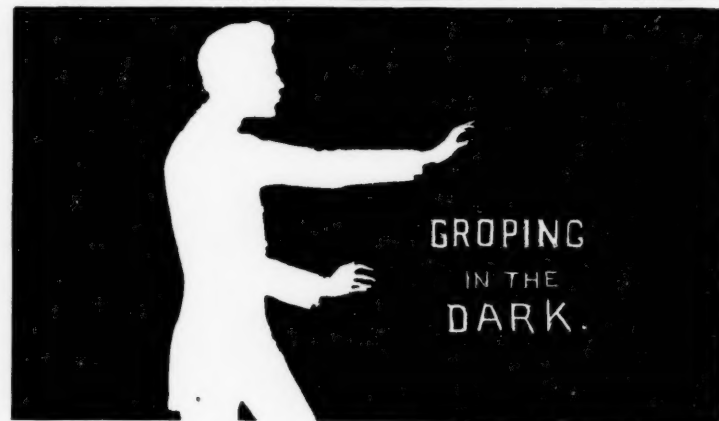
"The horse is a Hambletonian, and Smythe is a Smith."

AGNES.—I think Mr. Slove is horrid! He asked me for a kiss the other evening, and of course I said no.

GLADYS.—What did he do then?

AGNES.—That's just it. He did n't do anything.—Yale Record.

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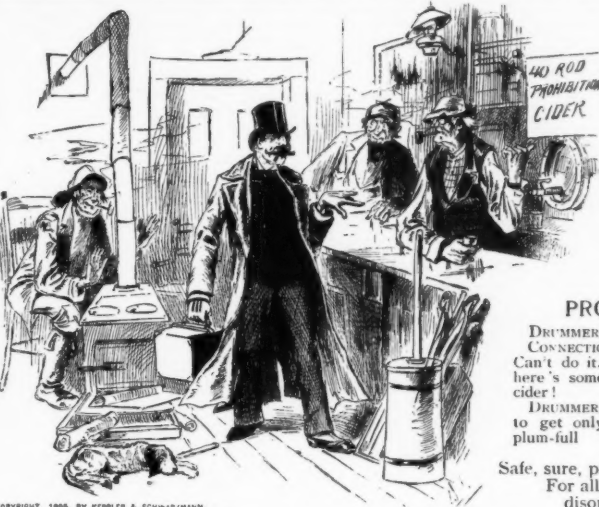


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